

Interview with H. Craigin Bartlett
in North Eastham, Massachusetts

Interview #1
by Vivian and Ralph
Andrist
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Q: This is an interview with H. Craigin Bartlett, who is presently Vice-President of the Eastham Historical Society. The interview is done under the auspices of the Oral History Project of the Eastham Historical Society in Eastham, Massachusetts on Cape Cod. The interviewers are Ralph and Vivian Andrist, and the date is June 4, 1981.

Craigin, tell us where and when were you born?

Mr. Bartlett: I was born in Webster, Massachusetts, July 3rd, 1901, the fourth son of Spaulding and Georgia Slater Bartlett, and I had one sister, younger than I am. They are all dead now excepting my sister and myself.

Q: What does the "H" stand for?

Mr. Bartlett: It stands for Henry. I was named for a man by the name of Henry Adams Craigin, who was a classmate of my father's at MIT in Boston, from which he graduated in the Class of 1892.

Q: And it must have been a very dear friend?

HCB: Yes, they were very close.

Q: What did your father do?

HCB: My father was Treasurer and General Manager of S. Slater & Sons, Inc. in Webster. They were manufacturers of woolen cloth and cotton cloth and a cotton converting plant, which is now owned and operated by the Cranston Brick Works of Cranston, Rhode Island.

Q: And where did his family come from?

HCB: Father's family came up from Rhode Island. I don't know just what to call them. Ordinary people. They ran the blacksmith shop and finally my grandfather got into the textile business with the Slater Company, who came to Webster-- that is, the Slater Company came to Webster about 1790. And then the plant grew from the original plant in the East Village to a second plant in the North Village, and then the woolen plant in the South Village, all in Webster.

Q: Were they originally from England?

HCB: Yes. The name originally, I understand, was French. Bartelet. And the family migrated to England and then subsequently came to this country.

Q: Huguenots perhaps, were they?

HCB: I don't think they came down from Canada, no. No, I think

they came directly to the United States, and that they were English. That is, the family had become English rather than French Huguenots.

Q: And your mother's family? Where did they come from?

HCB: My mother was a Slater and she came-- her family, way back, came from England. Samuel Slater, the founder of the textile industry in America, came to this country as a very young boy. He was not allowed to leave the country of England with plans of textile machinery, and so he came to this country and set up the textile industry, down in Pawtucket originally, Rhode Island.

Q: He's really the father of the textile industry in this country. Was he a great-grandfather or something?

HCB: Old Samuel was a three times great-grandfather, way back. 1790 was a long time ago.

And there is the Slater Museum in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, right now. I don't know if you're familiar with it or not. But they are rebuilding the old Slater and the old Wilkinson mills and water power down there.

But this isn't Eastham.

Q: Well, that's true, but we do like to have your background. You went to school then in Webster, and then where did you go to college?

HCB: Well, I was the only one of five children that did not go

to college. I went through three years of high school in Webster, and then I went to the Loomis School in Windsor, Connecticut. My last year at Loomis, my oldest brother died, as a result of heart failure being caused by rheumatic fever, and I was taken sick with rheumatic fever that year and the doctor said, you'd better not go back to school, you'd better go to work, go out of doors, stay outdoors for at least a year. And I've worked outdoors ever since.

Q: What do you do, Craigin?

HCB: Well, my business most recently was insurance, general insurance. In fact, we just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of my going into the insurance business, and the agency is still being carried on by my son-in-law and about twenty other people.

Q: I assumed that you were a lawyer. You talked so knowledgeably about slope easements the other night.

HCB: Well, thank you for the compliment, but I am not a lawyer. When I first went to work that year, after I was sick, I worked for the Powell Construction Company, which was the construction company of the New England power system, in southern Vermont, and from there I went into their right-of-way department, where I got a very liberal education in both engineering and land values and so on, while working for the New England Power Company in their right-of-way department. And as I said the other night, I bought

many easements on land and I realize what kind of an encumbrance they've become.

Q: What was your wife's maiden name? Tell me a little bit about her?

HCB: My wife's maiden name was Margaret Stewart, and her father came up from Lawnsdale, Rhode Island to run the Slater North Village mill, which was the cotton mill. And she and I were brought up together, we went to school together, although she was smarter than I was and was always a year or two ahead of me.

And in 1923 we were married and we had two daughters, two sons-in-law, seven grandchildren and five and a half great-grandchildren. At the moment.

Q: Okay. Now we get to the Cape. How long have you lived here? When did you first come?

HCB: We first came, as near as recollection allows me, when I was two years old, which would have been about 1903 or 1904. And Father, as I have said, was in the woolen mill business and bought wool from a firm by the name of Luce & Manning in Boston. And Matthew Luce came to Webster one day to sell wool and said to Father, among other things, "What are you doing for your vacation?" And Father said, "We usually go to the North Shore. Gloucester, primarily."

"Well," he said, "I have a place at Eastham that I'd like you

to see, and if you like it, I would be very happy to let you have it for your summer vacation." And that was the first time we came to Eastham.

Q: And where was the house?

HCB: The house is now owned by one Guild and sits in a very large field directly behind the Town Hall in the center of Eastham.

And in those days, everybody in Eastham had a cow. Most of them, however, didn't have any pasture, and so Mr. Luce let the cows roam around his property. And as a result, every time we went and came out of the house, we had to get out and open the gate to drive out, and then close the gate behind us so that the cattle wouldn't get out onto the street.

Q: You say that you came down for two-week vacations from the time you were about two years old. Did you continue to rent the Luce house, or stay in the Luce house, or did your family finally settle somewhere else?

HCB: We stayed in the Luce house for twenty-three years each summer. I missed only one and that was 1925, when our oldest daughter was born.

Subsequently, Mr. Luce's father and his mother had been accustomed to a-- shall I say, a high standard of living. And conditions got bad and Mr. Luce, Sr. had died, and Mrs. Luce just would not understand that there was no money around.

And so Mr. Luce sold the property, which he always called "my house", to Quincy Adams Shaw of Boston.

Then we all, including my mother and father and the five children, liked Eastham so much that Father hired a cottage over next to the Coast Guard Station from a family by the name of Jaynes, of which there were three cottages. And we had one, and Dr. Fish and his family had one, and I don't know who had the third one. Which we rented for quite a number of years.

And then subsequently Father realized that he could put a sum of money into a piece of land and a house and it would cost him considerably less than renting, even in those days. And so he built a house right near the Coast Guard Station, and after making due inquiries with the Federal Government and others, he set the house back from the top of the bank far enough so that it would not have to be moved in the rest of his lifetime.

However, the second or third winter that the house was there, they lost something like thirty feet of bank and Father had to move the house back to keep it from going over the top of the embankment.

Subsequently, a few years later, a storm-- and if you've never seen one in the wintertime, you have no idea of the power of those storms-- came along and washed the bank away again, and so he moved the house a second time.

Then by normal erosion, the bank got too close, and so he moved it up onto the high ground behind where it was located,

and sold that house to my brother Sam, and he and my mother built a new house adjacent to the one that they had just moved.

Q: Where exactly was the house? Was it on Ocean View Drive?

HCB: There was no Ocean View Drive in those days.

Q: Can you possibly describe where it was?

HCB: Yes. As you drive to the Coast Guard Station, you may remember that there is a small pond on the right-hand side. Just before you get to that, we owned the land across the street. And showing you how that ground washed away, when we went to Mr. Luce's house, he had, among other boats, a Swampscott dory and a flat-bottomed skiff. And when we went to the Coast Guard Station to go swimming, or play on the beach or spend the day on the beach, we would either row or sail across, through the salt marsh.

It would take us from the time we landed the boat in the salt marsh on the sand spit that goes down toward the inlet four or five minutes to walk across, with the baskets and all, from Nauset Harbor to the ocean. Today, you can almost jump across.

Q: The site of the house is gone now completely?

HCB: Both of the original sites are gone, yes. They've gone over the bank.

Q: Well, does the house exist now? The house that your father gave to your brother?

HCB: Oh, yes. And I don't know if you knew her or not, but Frances Howes lived in it. She clips and dips dogs, among other things. And my mother used to always say that she dipped the dogs and clipped the customers. Her husband works for Nickerson Lumber over town.

And my brother's widow lived there for quite a while after Sam died, and then she remarried and her daughter, Frances Howes, took the house over and has been living there ever since. And she has an agreement with the Park, because of course all that property is in the Park, that she can stay there as long as she wants to.

Q: Is this the Sam Bartlett that was one of the founders of the Historical Society?

HCB: Yes.

Q: This is jumping a little bit, but while we're on Sam, can you tell us something about him and how he happened to get interested in the Historical Society and so forth?

HCB: Well, Sam, as I told you before, when he got out of Lafayette College, he and my oldest brother were going to start South Kent School. But my oldest brother, George, died before Sam got out of college, but Sam wanted to go on anyway, and so he started South Kent School.

And he married a girl that went to Wickham Rise in Washington, Connecticut with my sister, and they too liked Cape Cod, and they

continued to come here for their vacations. And, of course, in the early days he had much more time off in the summer and they would spend the whole summer here.

So they-- that is, my brother and his wife and their five children-- became very much in love with the Cape, and upon his retirement he converted his summer cottage into a year-round house and came down here to live. And if I remember correctly, he was here about fifteen years before he died. That's how he got interested in the Cape.

Q: And in the Historical Society?

HCB: Well, yes, and he was interested in all the doings of the town. In fact, he taught up at the headquarters of the Park, in a school they had up there of some kind or other, for children, or some such thing as that.

Q: What kind of man was he?

HCB: Well, Sam was just two years older than I am, and very athletic, and he was one of the exceptions in my mind that proves the rule. Today, unless you can get a Bachelor's degree and then a Master's and then a Doctorate, you're not anything in education. I don't go along with that at all, personally. But Sam never got anything more than his Bachelor's degree from Lafayette, but he did an exceedingly fine job with the students who went through South Kent School, most of whom-- practically all of whom went on

to college and made a good mark for themselves in life.

Q: When did you move up her permanently, year round?

Bartlett: Let's see, it was 1969. As a matter of fact, actually it was 1970, because I retired in 1969 and we came down here to live. I'd already built the house, which is another story I'll tell you about later on, my affair with the Park.

Q: Is that on Dyer Prince Road?

Bartlett: Yes.

Q: When you were coming up here for vacations when you were young, what was it like? Was it still farming country?

Bartlett: Oh, it was heaven compared to today, and I really mean that. The first two years we came down, we came by train, because nobody had a motor vehicle. But from that time on-- I don't remember some of the trips, but I remember, oh, maybe when I was six, seven years old, my father and mother in a 1906 Rambler automobile, which cranked on the side-- it had no top, no windshield, no front doors-- would take their five children and a dog and a maid and start off for Eastham about nine o'clock in the morning.

Q: This was from Webster?

Bartlett: This was from Webster, Mass. If we didn't have too many flat tires, we'd get over to Middleboro the first day. But

if we had too many, we would only get as far as Taunton the first day, and then, of course, we'd have to spend the night.

When we got to the four corners in Orleans, the tar road ended. And there was nothing but sand from there until you got just this side of Provincetown.

And I might tell you of an instance of how we happened to know Abbot H. Walker, who was the Captain of the Nauset-- or as we always called it, the Eastham Coast Guard Station. Captain Walker lived where-- or in very close vicinity to where Mrs. Walker lives now, who is a member of the Historical Society--

Q: Natalie?

HCB: --facing the Town Cove. And Father saw an approaching vehicle, and so he pulled out of the ruts to let the other vehicle go by, and immediately he got stuck.

This gentleman came out of his house and offered his assistance, and Father said, "Well, I don't know what you can do."

"Well," he said, "if you will get the people and the dunnage out of the car, I'll get you back into the ruts."

So the people and the dunnage were taken out of the car, and he turned around with his back up against the back of the car-- in those days, they didn't have all this stuff hanging out the back and the car came down straight-- he turned around with his back against that car, put his hands under the body and lifted the hind end of that car out of the ruts and set the hind wheels down

into the next set of ruts, which was hard on the surface. Not tar by any means, but just a little clay maybe.

And Father talked with Captain Walker and found out that he had been a crewman at the Orleans Station and had known Professor and Mrs. Cole, who were friends of my aunt's, and that my aunt knew him also.

And from that day on we were very good friends, and he extended to the Bartlett family a great many courtesies at the Coast Guard Station. Allowed us to use the barn, which was a very, very reserved privilege, I believe, as a bath-house to change our clothes in, both before and after swimming.

Q: Did he have any stories to tell about rescue operations or shipwrecks?

HCB: I'm afraid that I was a little young to talk with him on that. I had other interests at that age.

I do remember one story though, when he and the crew were going out in a pulling surfboat. It was a rescue. And the Captain always sat or stood in the stern of these double-enders, and he had a sweep, which must have been sixteen feet long, which was his steering oar. And when a high wave hit, and he had to pull on that with all his might to keep the surfboat headed into the sea, it snapped and he went overboard backwards into the water.

Fortunately, they had another one and one of the crewmen took his place and they came about in the boat without swamping, and

they picked him up and dragged him back into the lifeboat.

Likewise, with Captain Walker, many years later, he had a party boat on the west shore, and he came over in his old Ford car--or truck, I guess it was--to take his party fishing. And he was going the back way, over Canal Road, where you cross the railroad track, near the Roman Catholic Church in Orleans, and when he got to the boat he remembered that he had forgotten to bring, I think, a five-gallon can of gasoline, which they had to haul with them in those days.

So he turned around and went back to his house and got the can of gasoline and came back, and as he went across that railroad crossing, the train went by. Only it didn't go by. It hit him right smack in the middle. Knocked the truck and the Captain all over the place. But they picked him up and shook off the dust and the Captain kept right on going. He was hurt, but not too seriously, I guess. Enough so that he kept on going for many years after that.

Q: What was the countryside here? Much more open?

HCB: Oh, yes. There was no building at all. As I said before, the road was all sand, from the four corners down.

It was a common thing, every night when the train came down, we always went to the post office. We went to the railroad station to watch the train come in and the post office was directly across the street in Mr. Clark's store. And I can tell you a few stories

about that.

Mr. Clark was a very nice man. He and his brother ran the store and they sold everything, from stamps to plows and rakes and all the rest of it. And when the train came in, of course the mail was brought right up and Mr. Clark would sort it, and he'd read every postcard that came through the mail. And when you'd say to him, "Mr. Clark, that is my postcard. May I have it?", Mr. Clark would say, "Can't you see that I'm not through reading it yet."

Q: This was not Captain Clark?

HCB: No. I think he was Henry, but I'm not sure. Don't quote me on that. I'm not sure.

Q: What did the Town Hall area look like? The windmill was there?

HCB: Well, there was another building up on the road, which is now Route 6. I think one of the Crosby's lived there. All I can remember is that it was kind of a dilapidated looking building with a piazza across the front of it. Whether they had a little store there or not-- I don't think so. I think they only lived there.

Of course, that lot has only been cleared and the windmill turned around-- the blades always faced the east, but they turned it around. Of course, the top turns, as you know.

And across the street there was nothing. There was no Town Hall in the old days. The Town Hall was up where the lights are, you know, on, up near the Reception Center for the Park.

Q: The Wellington house?

HCB: Yes. I never remembered it as the Town Hall, because we weren't involved in voting or politics or anything of that kind down here.

But some of the old Selectmen and what not--Ralph Chase and Maurice Wiley are the two I remember most vividly--were fine people, and you needed nothing in writing with those men. If they told you that they would do something, there were no questions asked. Not even a handshake.

I remember in particular when I was buying some land over on the back shore, where I had my house, I made a deal to buy some land for taxes, and one of the Chases, after the negotiations were completed, because the title search on that took a long time, said, well, Mr. Bartlett has got what he wants now. Because I bought the Anderson house, which is now the VIP house, which I can tell you more about later on.

And this Mr. Chase-- and it wasn't Ralph, I've forgotten which one it was-- said, well, Mr. Bartlett's got what he wants now, having bought the Anderson house. Why don't we forget the rest of it?

And I can see Maurice Wiley now. He swung around in his swivel

chair and looked Mr. Chase right in the eye and he said, "Mr. Chase, I made a gentlemen's agreement with Mr. Bartlett and I intend to keep it." Mr. Wiley was the Chairman of the Board of Selectmen in those days. Along with Assessor and Board of Health and all the rest of it. Police Department too.

The rest of the countryside-- Dyer Prince Road, that I live on now, I can remember very vividly going over there to go fishing. And Walter Nickerson, who lived in the little house directly across the street from the library, was the caretaker of Mr. Luce's house. As I said, it was known as My House. And he would come and get us in the morning in time to get out to the boat, which, incidentally, was moored off the shore on the flats. And when we came down Dyer Prince Road, we would have to ford a little estuary to Rock Harbor in order to get there, and if you waited till high tide, why, you wouldn't get across, because the horse wouldn't swim it.

Q: What's happened to the estuary? Is it filled in?

HCB: Well, they needed a dike for the road and put a big pipe underneath it to carry the water through. And that water runs-- I wish I could put a tide mill in there. I could generate all the electricity I need, the way the water runs.

Q: Do you remember anything about the Campground meetings or was that before your time?

HCB: That was before my time, but they had-- the campground was

still there and it was referred to from time to time, but spending our vacations on the back shores-- we called it the east part of the Cape, the eastern part of Eastham-- we always went to the Atlantic Ocean. Where it was so cold. I just couldn't swim in it. I'd stand in there up to my knees in water and shiver. And my sister and my brothers would go in, but I very seldom did.

Q: You didn't use the Bay then for swimming?

HCB: Very seldom. Not until after we were married and the children came along and we wanted to have more quiet water. Then we'd go over there at high tide.

Q: How about the ponds?

HCB: No. We had a very famous lake in Webster and we had our
? fill of fresh water swimming. And that's Lake Chaubunagungamaug.

Q: We've gone by it many times. What do you call it for short?

HCB: Webster Lake. Or Chaubunagungamaug, which my father always maintained was its correct name and the real estate people just put that long name onto it to make it more interesting.

Q: That was supposed to be the longest geographical name in the country.

HCB: If you lived close to the Salt Marsh, did you by any chance know the Richardson family?

HCB: Not as such. We knew who they were and where they lived. Dr. Richardson-- I suppose he was the age of my father in those days-- owned that property, and they were very nice people and they used to let us play on their golf course. I never played, but my older brothers used to play once in a while.

And there's a story in connection with that. In the Salt Pond, that portion of it which you would look at from the present Park Reception Center, directly across the pond is the outlet of the pond, which is known as the river. It connects the Salt Pond with the Salt Marsh on Nauset Harbor. In the corner of the pond, if you can have a corner to a round pond, but just to the left as you face the river from the Reception Center, was a spring, which was covered at high tide by salt water. And Dr. Richardson had a barrel put over the spring, and then a pipe to another barrel, and they used to collect that water. And that water was so good that he, Dr. Richardson, used to have it shipped up to the Massachusetts General Hospital for drinking purposes.

And we always got our drinking water for the house from there. We used to take the skiff and go down with our carboy and fill up the carboy with spring water and take it back and use it as drinking water, because the pump water was perfectly good, but it tasted-- in those days, they didn't have the synthetic valves and what not, and it was leather and it always tasted like horsehide.

Q: Is the spring gone long since?

HCB: The spring is still there. I haven't been there for a number of years, but the last time I was there, there were remains of the old barrel that was there. I suppose it was a wine cask or something, with great thick heavy oak barrel, which was cut in two and set down on the spring.

When we first came down here, many many years ago, our little black dog, which was a black Cocker Spaniel, disappeared and ran off down to the salt marsh in front of Mr. Luce's house, which was maybe twice as far as from here to the house across the street. And he began drinking the water, and we said, well, he won't drink much of that. He'd had a hot trip down with the rest of us. But he kept right on drinking it, and subsequently we went down there, the next day or two, and sure enough, they were fresh water springs and the tide was out, and so he made the most of the fresh water. He knew the difference between them.

Q: Knew what he was doing.

HCB: Yes, he really did.

Q: You've talked a little bit about what your brothers and sisters did when you were young, but what sort of fun did you have? Did you have beach parties or did you have fishing trips? Clambakes?

HCB: Well, as you know, we were a big family. There were five children and my mother and father, and because of the place that we had at the lake in Webster we were, shall I call it, almost

self-sufficient. In other words, we didn't need too much company. We had enough to play with with ourselves.

We had four first cousins, the only first cousins we had, and they used to come and visit us on occasion, and quite often they would go over to Dennisport. And after the days when we had a car, we might travel back and forth once in a while. They would come over. We would picnic and play on the beach, everything from building sand castles to chasing each other around.

In subsequent years, especially my brother Sam would do a lot of surf-casting off the beach.

One of the pleasantest type of trip that we would take would be to take a Jeep, when we had one, and before that go by boat down to the Inlet, and on the way we would dig soft shell clams and wash them in salt water, and before they had stopped wiggling, so to speak, we'd cook them and eat them. And they're not like the clams you buy anywhere else.

But, of course, you can't go down there any more now, on account of the tide.

Q: Do you remember any stories about the First World War? Was your family involved in it at all?

HCB: The only story in regard to the First World War was we had arrived here-- I can't remember the exact date, but Germany declared war on England, I believe, in August of 1914, was it? And we arrived on a Friday and were enjoying-- having gotten it and

unpacking the trunks and that kind of thing, when the newspaper came the next morning, which was a Saturday morning, and there were great headlines which said, "Germany Declares War On The United States," or some such thing as that. And Father packed his bag and took the next train and went home, because he knew conditions in the mill would be such that he'd have to be there. You see, in those days, the Slater Company was wholly dependent upon Germany for their dye stuffs, and if he couldn't get dye stuffs, he wasn't in business. So he had to go home.

That is the only war story really. We stayed the rest of the two weeks and then Father came back again and drove us home. My mother didn't drive in those days.

Q: But nobody in your family went to the war then?

HCB: No. The ages were such that we were just in between. My grandfather, of course, was a Captain in the Civil War.

Q: Do you have any remembrances of Prohibition on the Cape? Rum-runners and so forth?

HCB: Oh, yes. In the days of rum-runners, gasoline was scarce and people didn't come down quite so much. And the fishermen off the Bay side would still go out and I made friends with two or three different ones and used to go with them almost every day that I was here.

And one fellow in particular would say to me, if it was a day

like this-- well, the sun would be out-- but if it was calm, he'd say, "You don't mind if I look for something else besides fish today, do you?"

"I don't care, as long as I can be on the water, that's all I want. I love it so."

And so we'd mosey around and peer down through the crystal-clear water. Which it was. Oh, it was just beautiful.

Q: This was in the Bay?

HCB: In the Bay. And we'd look until we found unmarked five-gallon cans. And he would take a boat hook and hook on and pull them up and put them in the back of his boat. As far as I was concerned-- I was very young in those days-- that was the last I ever saw of them. But they weren't gasoline. They weren't oil.

Many a rum-runner has come in here to Cape Cod Bay to unload, I presume, and when the Coast Guard got wise to it and wanted to apprehend them, they would just throw the stuff overboard, in the hopes that they could come back and find it later on.

Q: Which it sounds like they did.

HCB: Well, sometimes. Some of them who weren't rum-runners collected it.

Q: Well, the man you were with, then this was not a sort of a rendezvous thing? It was just lost cargo.

HCB: No. This was extracurricular activities. He was a fisherman

by trade.

I might say in connection with that era that these men who would quahog in Cape Cod Bay, would take these boats, which were anywhere from thirty to thirty-five feet long, and run them out there and drop two anchors, one fore and one aft, with maybe five hundred to a thousand feet of line between them, and then they would start raking with a bullrake on a wooden pole-- it looked very much like a pump pole, you know? About the size of your stakes you have for your beans or whatever you have there.

They would rake down one side of the boat and then they'd rake down the other, and then they'd move the boat between these anchors the length of the boat and rake over again.

Now this wasn't in five feet of water. This was in twenty to thirty feet of water. And how they stood it, I don't know. They'd go out there for eight hours and they'd rake and they'd rake and they'd rake. And then they'd bring their quahogs home and probably get fifty cents a bushel for them.

Q: (To Ralph) Did you want to ask something in connection with that? Rum-running or anything?

Ralph: No.

HCB: See, I was a little young for rum-running, to know much about it.

Q: Yes, I'm sure you were, but I just thought you might have heard

some stories. A lot of the people don't want to talk about it here, because they don't want to identify anybody. And I can see their point. Although it's a long time ago and it doesn't make any difference any more.

HCB: It sounds to me like the night they-- this is the story as I get it-- the night they brought the Target Ship in and scuttled it, it was late in the day, and so they said, well, we'll come back tomorrow and strip it. Take everything off it that's worth. When they came back tomorrow, there was nothing left.

Q: Isn't that the law of the sea, a beached ship can be scavenged?

HCB: It was scavenged. And nobody knew nothin', as they used to say, of the whereabouts of those things for two or three years. Then they began to show up.

Q: Everybody keeps their mouths shut about things.

HCB: At least they used to. I don't know if they do now or not.

Q: Yes, they still do, Craig, according to some of our interviews. Right. Have we finished with the Prohibition era?

Do you remember any effect that the Crash or the Depression had on the Cape? Or even on your own family, of course.

HCB: No. My father was anything but a speculator, and he has brought me up to be the same way. Brought all of us up to be the same way. As far as we were concerned, the Crash made no difference,

excepting for-- this is the Crash of '29?

Q: Yes.

HCB: Excepting that business was a little harder. It was 1931 when I started in the insurance business, and I don't mind telling you that was hard. That was very hard. The result of the Crash hadn't gotten over by that time.

But as far as Eastham is concerned, I don't know what difference it made, because we weren't here enough. We came just the same, spent the summer and went fishing and clamming and so on.

Q: Okay. Now we come to the Second World War and what effect it might have had out here. Do you remember Pearl Harbor day?

HCB: Indeed I do. December 7th.

Q: Yes. Where were you?

HCB: Well, I was in Webster at my mother's house on a Sunday noon time, eating dinner with my mother and father and my brother, Asa, and probably a couple of our aunts, my mother's sisters, when the news came through of Pearl Harbor. And we just couldn't believe it, that was all, just couldn't believe it. Of course, Father was out of the mills in those days.

Q: Well, then you really can't speak with any authority about how it affected the Cape or Eastham?

HCB: No. No, I wouldn't say so. Again, as far as we were

concerned, it didn't make any difference, because we came and the people were here.

In those days, you see, we brought most everything with us. My mother would send a great order down to S. S. Pierce in Boston and that would be shipped down here. And, in fact, another thing we used to get off the train at night when it came in from Boston was maybe a two-gallon jug of milk, because she didn't dare have us drink the local milk. See, there was no such thing as pasteurized milk. This was Walker Gordon milk that she had shipped down every day from Boston for us.

But as far as the wars or the Depression were concerned, I can't say how it might have affected them.

Q: There was a shelling by a submarine on the Cape that people remember. Do you remember that at all?

HCB: I remember the shelling of a barge, which was sunk off of Orleans. Of course, we weren't here at that time. And that was the only shot that landed on American soil during the war, and that was down off-- well, just south of the Inlet into Nauset Harbor. It landed in Orleans, I believe.

Q: Do you recall any shipwrecks?

HCB: The only shipwreck that I ever saw was a scalloper who was coming in off of the Georges Banks, I suppose, and they were out there for a long period of time and they were all tired and so on,

and the skipper was below sleeping and his boy was running the boat and he was headed for Highland Light. So I understand. But he saw Nauset Light and he ran his dragger right up on the beach at full throttle. And there's a very interesting slant to that, in my mind. The people that come in from outside do not appreciate the tenderness of the soil on Cape Cod, and after that vessel was-- well, she came up so high that you could walk right around it at low tide.

Somebody bought the engine that was in it-- it was a great big diesel-- and they came down and they took a bulldozer just north of Nauset Light, and they cut a little place in the top of the bank and made a slant down the steep embankment, so they could put a cable out and snake that engine up the bank.

Well, that is the place now that has washed back all the way to the hard road. As you go up that road, you'll find it. And because they disturbed that ground before nature did, it's just-- well, you'll see what it's done.

Q: That's the road just north of Nauset Light?

HCB: Yes.

Q: Closed off to everybody except residents now?

HCB: Yes.

TAPE ONE, SIDE TWO

Q: This is a continuation of the interview with Craigin Bartlett.

Okay. You were going to tell another story.

HCB: The National Seashore, as I said earlier, is a very sore point with me. I understand we have to have it for protection. There's no question about that. I go along with that part. But some of the things they do, or have done, that a native or a person who has been here for as long as I have realized must not be done, and the first one is that the lighthouse in North Eastham, there is a parking lot, and they blacktopped it, which in my mind is all right. But instead of pitching it back towards the land, it was practically level, and then every time it would rain the water would run over the bank.

So they decided to put a drain in. So they got a bulldozer there and they dug a trench and put a drain in and tarred it over, but ran the pipe out about three-quarters of the way up the bank. And of course that run of water down there every time it rained washed it away, and if you go up there today you'll find another one of these places where--

Q: That's that culvert that's there?

HCB: Ruined it.

Q: What's this attributable to? Bad engineering?

HCB: Yes, you can call it bad engineering or you can call it

lack of knowledge of the terrain on a very tender shoreline.

Q: In other words, the National Seashore does not consult the people who live here?

HCB: Oh, no.

Q: Where are the decisions made? In Washington?

HCB: Either Washington or Philadelphia or somewhere. I went down to the Coast Guard Station not too long ago, before the storm that took away the bathhouse, and I heard a bulldozer, and I said, my heavens, what is that thing doing? So I left my car in the parking lot and walked down. In front of the bathhouse, there was a bulldozer between the bathhouse and the ocean, and this man was pushing sand up.

Well, he came up on top of the rise and I was on top of that, where he had bulldozed it up, and I said, "For heaven's sakes, what are you doing?" He said, "I have a contract. I'm from Truro, and I have a contract to push up sand in front of the bathhouse, after it had eroded from the year before."

And I said, "Yes, but somebody did it before, a few years ago." Yes, oh, yes. He said, "I'm a native of Truro." And I said, "Well, how long do you think this will last?"

And after giving out a good laugh, he said, "Well, it'll do well if it lasts one winter."

You cannot disturb the surface of the earth on Cape Cod and

expect it to survive. It just won't survive. And the Park does not seem to realize that.

Q: Were you here the winter of '78, in February?

HCB: I was.

Q: When they had the big storm. Did you go down?

HCB: I did.

Q: And what is your story about that? Or theories or anything?

HCB: Well, it was a ghastly thing. It was a ghastly sight, and the thunderous noises of the ocean were enough to scare you.

In fact, I got down there in time-- I was up on the high ground by the Coast Guard Station-- in time to see a couple of young fellows who went down there to see it in a Volkswagen Bug, and they left the doors open on their Bug as they jumped out to see what was going on, when a great breaker came in and it went right through the Bug and out the other side, and the next one took it right out into the Salt Marsh.

And the thousands of tons of sand that that storm moved is incredible. You just wouldn't believe it.

Q: Do you have a theory about the Salt Marsh? Do you think it's going to be filled in?

HCB: No, it's going to be part of the ocean. It will be shallow

water. And the beach will be over back of the Town Hall.

Q: And eventually right through the Town Hall and out the other end?

HCB: Well, of course, the scientists tell us that in a thousand years there won't be any Cape anyway.

Q: Well, it's doomed, there's no doubt about that, but I think we're safe.

HCB: Oh, I don't think I'll live to see it.

I might say, to go back, if I might, to fishing on the Bay, I can remember very vividly, when fishing got poor during the day or something, we wanted to do something-- I guess we were children and got a little uneasy-- we'd go ashore on Billingsgate, where there was a lighthouse and the lighthouse keeper's house and a farmhouse and a barn and chickens and pigs and other animals running around on the island.

Q: And a schoolhouse, wasn't there?

HCB: I don't remember a schoolhouse. That was before my time. Maybe the building was still there and I didn't recognize it. Of course, we used to go on the south end of it and clam somewhat and get quahogs and that kind of thing.

But that's all gone now, except the granite rocks are still there, which were the foundation to the lighthouse. They're all messed up in a pile.

Q: This obviously happened gradually?

HCB: Oh, yes. Oh, sure.

Q: So that everybody-- ?

HCB: Oh, they knew it was coming. Oh, yes.

Q: Now the Bay side is eroding, but is that noticeable, the rate?
Or is it rather slow?

HCB: The Bay side?

Q: Yes, compared to the ocean.

HCB: No. Certain parts of it are going almost as fast as the ocean. You see, the northwest winds, there's nothing to stop them. And that water piles down in there, as you're well aware of that. Our average tides are eight and a half feet, and when you get the ice flow out in the Bay and a strong northwest wind and the ice begins to move, the wind blows it in against the banks and undercuts it. Then the bank slides down. You do that every year, you're going to lose land every year.

I have some friends up north in Truro that have had to move their cottages back a couple of times on account of the erosion.

Q: What was the reaction to the National Seashore when it was first proposed? Do you remember how the townspeople-- ?

HCB: Don't want it. Don't want it.

Q: What do you think would have happened if it hadn't been here?
Would we have hamburger shacks down there?

HCB: We'd have a Coney Island. Oh, there's no question about it.
It was inevitable, if you didn't want a Coney Island.

But for those of us that had been here for so long-- I bought a tax title, thirty-nine lots of land on the back shore over here. I had seventeen hundred feet of ocean front, with the moors running up on top of the bank, and I hoped, as long as I would live, that I could own those and live there and see them. I had planned to retire there.

But the Park, I would say, took it away from me. Now the Park would disagree. They would say, we negotiated a contract. Yes, we did. There's no question about that. But the Park told me that if I didn't care to sell that they'd take it by eminent domain. And that's why I bought the land over on the other side. Well, as a matter of fact, I bought that before the Park came in. Why I bought it, I don't know. Just as an investment, I guess.

Q: Did other people have the same experience? Was anybody's land taken by eminent domain?

HCB: Oh, yes. Oh, yes.

Q: And they had no recourse?

HCB: Yes. Some of them went to the courts on it. But I was of an age where I didn't want to wait. Of course, if they take land

by eminent domain, they make an entry at the Registry of Deeds in Barnstable, and the land is their's from that point on, and you better get out. Then you go to court. You can sue against the government. And it may be two years, it may be five years, it may be ten years before you make a settlement.

Well, I couldn't wait, because I wanted a place to come down to summers, and if they took it by eminent domain, they would take the land and house away from me and I would have nothing. I would have no place to come to and I would have no money, unless I was willing to accept what they offered me.

Q: What was the feeling about the Mid-Cape Highway?

HCB: Don't want it.

Q: Don't want anything that changes.

HCB: You know, there's the Eastham-- maybe you belong to it, I don't know. The Eastham Non-Taxpayers Association?

Q: No. We're taxpayers.

HCB: Yes, but before.

Q: No, not even before.

HCB: Well, I got into quite a wrangle with them and it was one of those wrangles that put me in very good with Maurice Wiley, I think it was. You know, chairman of the Board of Selectmen.

There's a woman over in Southbridge, which is the next town to Webster but one, was secretary, I guess. And they sent out a letter that they were going to come down here and tell Eastham how to run Eastham. Well, that got under my skin and I wrote a scorching letter to them, and I sent a copy to Maurice Wiley.

And among other things I said, why do you go to Eastham? You go to Eastham because it's Eastham. Not because it's Webster or Southbridge or Dudley or Oxbridge. Goodness knows we've got enough of those right around Webster and Southbridge.

And I never heard from her on it, but I did hear from Maurice Wiley, and he was very much pleased.

They've done a lot of good in recent years. I think they've changed their attitude somewhat. In those days, they wanted to tell the town how they were to run the town. And I think they've done a pretty good job.

I must tell you a story about Harvey Moore. I don't know if you ever knew Harvey or not? No, I don't think so. Well, Harvey Moore was a local builder and he also was the constable, and that was the Police Department in Eastham. And Harvey lived down here by-- you know where Fred Jewell lives? Well, across the street there.

And Harvey had a telephone call from Provincetown. Oh, this may be thirty years ago. In the early days of automobiles. And the police in Provincetown told Harvey that there was a stolen car coming down off the Cape and they had committed a robbery with it

and he was to go out and stop it. You'd have to know Harvey to really appreciate the story.

Harvey said afterwards, "Do they think I'm crazy? Going out and trying to stop a car with four men in it, or three men or whatever it was, and on the highway at night, after dark. They really got another think coming." So Harvey went back to reading his newspaper, in front of the kerosene lamp in those days.

Pretty soon there was a bang on the front door, and a man stood there and he said, "We've just come from Provincetown. We're lost. We can't find our way back," because Harvey was just off of the main road.

"Well," says Harvey, "I guess I can show you. I'll have to come out and show you how to get back onto the road." So he walked out to the car and there was another gentleman sitting in the car. And Harvey reached in and turned the engine off and took the key out and put it in his pocket and said, "You fellows are under arrest."

And he got a big writeup in the Boston papers. "Local Sheriff Apprehends Robbers On Cape Cod", something like that.

Q: This was before the Mid-Cape went through?

HCB: Oh, heavens, there wasn't any Mid-Cape. It was Route 6.

Q: Was Harvey Moore the one who built the Outermost House?

HCB: Yes. Yes, Harvey Moore. Oh, he was a character. Now, it

was his-- I don't dare say brother. But it was George Moore, who lived in the house that is adjacent to the Park Motel, right on the Salt Pond. You know, that big white house there? George and his wife lived there and they had one daughter of their own, and they took in state wards and would bring them up. One of them, as far as I know, is still in town here. Althea Bangs was her name then. I don't know what her name is now.

Well, George Moore was the caretaker of My House, Mr. Luce's house, and he was the cook, and he prepared all the meals, and that's the only thing we had to pay for when we came to his house, was the cooking. Of course, we paid for our food and laundry and things like that.

And in those days there were no stores in Eastham at all. As I say, it was a sand road back to Orleans. We used to have to go to Orleans to get a Sunday paper.

Q: Well, what was the population, mostly farmers then?

HCB: Yes, there was an awful lot of asparagus. Oh, the place was covered with asparagus, until they began to raise it in Jersey and places like that, you know, and they could raise it much more economically.

Charlie Gunn had a farm, Nauset Farm, over here on Doane Road, and he had acres of asparagus. And when we got down here in sometimes July, the end of July, the first of August, why, there'd be a little asparagus left growing, and he used to let us go cut it

because it was no good for marketing.

Q: Did you have Town meetings then that you attended?

HCB: Down here? We never went to Town meetings.

Q: You couldn't, because you were not residents?

HCB: We were never here when Town meetings were going on, you see. The only thing we went to was after they built the Town Hall, what is now all the offices was the auditorium, and there was a stage at the far end. We used to go there for a play once in a while, and then, on occasions, Saturday night they'd have a dance, and we'd go over there.

Q: So your family or you were never involved with Town government?

HCB: No.

Q: Did you know many of the people who were? Like Belle Brackett?

HCB: Oh, I knew Belle Brackett. Of course, she's recent, as far as I'm concerned. Fine woman and an excellent Town Clerk. She had everything at the tip of her fingers.

When I bought a lot of this land over here at tax title, it just was at the beginning of the time when everybody had to have a finger in the pie, and so this land was to be auctioned off. In the old days, they would post it, that it was taken for taxes, and anyone who wanted to buy it could come in and buy it, and that

ended it. Well, now they had to have a lawyer come down from Lynn and he would survey the title and then he'd have an auction in the Town Hall at a certain time.

When this land came up for sale, Belle wanted us to have it. That was, me and my family. And she did everything she could for us to have it.

And then the appointed hour came, the day came, for the auction, and I can see it now. My brother came with me, one of my brothers. No, it couldn't have been. Must have been somebody else. It was a stranger, anyway. A stranger to Belle. And he appeared at the auction with me, and I was the only one there, on the outside of the counter, and she was scared to death that it was somebody else who was coming to bid against me.

And I can hear him now, the auctioneer. He said, are you willing to pay so much money for so many lots? And I said, I am. He said, have you got a check? A bank check, you know, a certified check? And I said, yes.

Well, the check was for more than the bid price. So they gave me the change for it, because it was a certified check and they could see it was all right.

Then the lawyer disappeared, and Belle said to me, "I was scared. I was scared when you came in with somebody else. I thought they were going to bid against you." And she was a very fair square-shooter, a very knowledgeable person. I don't know how well you know her. Her father was at the Cable Station.

Q: Yes, that we know. And she married Sam Brackett, whose father had the store right over here.

Do you remember that store?

HCB: Oh, yes. And then he ran off and left her with-- what? Two children?

Q: Four.

HCB: Four children, was it? She did very well. Awful nice person.

Q: Now, is there another direction in which you want to go? You've finished your fishing stories?

HCB: I guess so.

Q: How about other personalities in town? There are some people who always get up in Town meeting. One of them, of course, is Mr. Moore. Do you know him?

HCB: Oh, yes. He's a painter.

May I go back to a fishing story again?

Q: Of course. We'd like it.

HCB: We used to go out with Ed Horton in The Owl. The Owl was an old Crosby catboat, which he had converted to gasoline engine. And again, during the Depression or the war or something, when people couldn't get gasoline to do things, he would get gasoline, being a commercial fisherman, and he would go out and commercially

fish. And when I was down here quite often, I would spend at least four hours, if not eight hours, of every day with him out in the Bay fishing, and we used to catch a lot of fish, a lot of fish.

One day, in particular, I had a weapons carrier that I bought at Army Surplus, and we came in with a tremendous load of fish, and we put them all in the weapons carrier and took them over to Chatham, to sell them to the fish market over there.

But on the way over, at the junction of 39 and 28-- I don't know if you're familiar with that or not, but in those days, 28 went into Chatham and 39 turned off there, and they were both small country roads. They were tarred, but they were country roads.

And there was a great big Packard touring car that looked as long as a house, stuck right in the middle of the intersection, so nobody could get around. They were lost, of course.

Well, Ed Horton was a very fine man, a good fisherman, but a man of very few words. And as we came to a stop and Ed looked at those people, he saw the New York State number plate on the car, and he turned to me and said, "Summer folks are here." And that's all he said.

But that was a book in itself. He used to live right up here in North Eastham. Well, very near Brackett Road, on the other side of Route 6, and then subsequently he moved down to Rock Harbor and ran his boat out of Rock Harbor. I'll just throw that in for what it's worth.

Q: That's the kind of thing we love to have. Can you think of any others? Take your time. You may. We can always come back, you know.

HCB: I've got to take my wife to the hairdresser later on. What time is it getting to be?

Q: We can come back to this at another time, if that's all right with you.

HCB: I've got half, three-quarters of an hour, anyway.

Q: Oh, you do. All right, fine.

Any more fishing stories? Stories about fishermen, or the kind of remark that people made that you usually attribute to Maine people, you know.

HCB: Well, in those days-- and I can remember very vividly-- Father would hire the boat for the day, and there would be as many as fourteen of us go out on it, mostly children. How Ed Horton and some of the others ever stood fourteen-- ten or twelve children, anyway-- on the boat for eight hours, and if the fishing was good, we'd stay out for twelve hours. We'd go offshore and we'd have a great time.

Q: Was this for deep-sea fishing?

HCB: Well, bottom fishing. They didn't have stripers in those days. We used to get tautog. Get them by the bushel. Mostly

we'd drop an anchor and fish. Then we'd pick up and move somewhere else.

Q: What kind of gear did you use?

Bartlett: Just a plain cordline with a couple of sinkers on it, and-- well, if we fished deluxe, we'd have two hooks on it. Mostly it was a single hook.

And in those days again, even in twenty-odd feet of water, the water was so clear that as you looked over the side of the boat, you'd see these blotches, these black blotches, which was the eel grass, and in between was sand, which looked very much the color of this carpet through the water. And you'd watch your bait down there and you'd see this fish come out of the eel grass and grab your bait.

Q: So you could see him before you caught him?

HCB: Oh, sure.

Q: Why would the water be so much less clear now?

HCB: Well-- what is it? Contamination from the sewers?

Q: Pollution?

HCB: Pollution. I don't think there's any question about it.

Q: Do you remember the herring runs?

HCB: Oh, yes.

Q: Has that changed at all or is that still the same?

HCB: Not much. They still run it every year as they used to. They've improved them and rebuilt them, of course, since those days. There's one right down here on Herring Brook. Of course, the herring mostly had stopped running by the time we'd come down here in the fall, or late summer. But we used to stop once in a while and go other places and see them.

Q: How about whales? Did they used to come into the Bay?

HCB: Oh, yes. Well, they'd come into the Bay when they were sick and get stranded on the beach, and then they'd have to go down and dig a hole and bury it.

I shall never forget one day. I was taking my boat back to Mattapoisett and my brother Sam was with me, and we ran across a herd of basking sharks, that lie on top of the water with dorsal fin out and their nose out, and they take the water in through their mouths and blow the water out through their gills, and the plankton is caught on their gills and that's the food that they eat, as you know.

Well, Sam was-- well, he's a daring cuss on some things, and I didn't like to get too near them. My boat was only thirty-two feet and one of those things was longer than my boat was. So he took his casting rod and he cast at one of these fish and hit him on the back. He didn't want to catch him. He just wanted to see if he could make him move.

And I shall never forget it. It was a splendid example of the power that a mammal that size has. He just-- with his tail like that, just one swipe with his tail and whffff! he went as far as from here to the other side of your garden.

And I said to myself, well, suppose he was headed this way.

Q: You mentioned this gentleman saying this remark, the summer people are here. You were essentially a summer person. Did you feel like one?

HCB: We came early enough so that-- shall I say, we were accepted. At least I think we were. The native people were always very, very kind to us. Very kind, very considerate.

Q: Do you think there's been a change in attitude about tourists?

HCB: Oh, yes. Yes. All you've got to do now is-- not only tourists, present company, of course, excepted-- you read the voting list in town today, and comparatively speaking, you don't see any Collinses or Nickersons or any of the old-timers that used to be here. They've taken over. There was no such thing as a Democratic Party on the Cape.

Q: That's what Belle said.

One other thing. Unless you have more fishing stories, which are great.

HCB: If I do, I'll come back.

Q: That would be wonderful. We'd love to have you.

Did you have a part in restoring the Schoolhouse Museum?

HCB: No. The only thing I did, when we used to come down here weekends-- before we retired, my wife and I came down a lot weekends-- I noticed that in the wintertime they put newspapers up in the schoolhouse.

Well, one weekend I was down here and here were these newspapers. And they'd just painted the schoolhouse and it looked fine, and the newspapers looked like the wrath of God to me. So I wrote to my brother Sam and I said, look, if you'll go and get some shades and put them in there, I'll pay for them.

So he went and got some shades and had the paper over town put them in. They sent me the bill and I paid for them.

And then the next thing I knew I got a life membership in the Historical Society, because I had contributed more than fifty dollars to the cause. Which was very pleasant.

Q: And ended up being Vice-president?

HCB: That was somewhat later.

Q: Did you know Bernard Collins?

HCB: Oh, yes.

Q: Did you? What kind of man was he?

HCB: Oh, Bernard was the salt of the earth. Bernard had a

boathouse over there across the street from his house, you know, and he reminded me of this several times. He used to say to me, the boathouse is always unlocked, and if you ever run out of gasoline down here, on your way down and back or something, and you need gasoline, you go in there and there's a five-gallon can in back of the door. The only thing I ask is the next morning, fill it up and bring it back. I said, sure.

But I said, Mr. Collins, you know this is a very nice place you've got here, but it would look so much nicer if you had curtains in the window. Not shades, but curtains.

So lo and behold, he went and he got curtains and put them in the window. And they were there as long as he lived, I guess. And he reminded me of that every once in a while. I don't remember saying it to him, but he said I did.

Q: That's the same house down at the edge of the rotary?

HCB: Yes, it's right by the Town Landing there, where they put the boats in the water. Across the street from Bernard's house.

Q: He was one of the Town Fathers?

HCB: Oh, yes. He was a Selectman for years.

Q: And Captain Sparrow was another one I wanted to ask you about. Did you know him?

HCB: I didn't know him. My brother Sam got to know these people

a lot more than I did, because he got involved in-- I won't say politics, but got involved with a lot of the native people after he retired. And, of course, Captain Sparrow was one of the founders of the Historical Society.

Q: What kind of man was he?

HCB: I never knew him, except that he was a sea captain. I never met him at all.

Q: And then we have Fred Jewell, who was one of the founders.

HCB: Oh, yes.

Q: And, of course, we all know him. But how long have you known Fred?

HCB: Well, mostly just since I've been in the Historical Society. I didn't know him before. But some day-- I'd better hurry, I guess-- I'd like to sit down with him. He, of course, traveled all over the world.

Q: We've interviewed him, and he has some remarkable pictures of the places he's been. And beautiful albums and so forth, and he loves talking about it, you know.

HCB: Well, I guess his poor wife isn't too well and it keeps him tied up.

Q: Can you think of anything else, Ralph, in connection with Eastham that we'd like to know?

Ralph: No, I think for the time being, we've pretty well covered it.

Q: Maybe you can think about it, Craigin, and if there's anything that you want to add, we could have another session. Would you like that?

HCB: Yes.

Q: I'll turn this off for now.

VA

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Interview #2

Interview with H. Craigin Bartlett
in North Eastham, Massachusetts

by Vivian and
Ralph Andrist
June 12, 1981

Q: This is the second interview with Craigin Bartlett. It's taking place in Eastham, Massachusetts, and the date is June 12th, [1981]. The interviewers are Ralph and Vivian Andrist.

Craigin, the last time we talked you were going to go home and think about all of these stories you had to tell and you were going to tell some more. Do you want to start?

HCB: All right. Well, first of all, I'd like to put on these corrections. I can't remember exactly what I said, but I did retire in October of 1970 at the age of 69. And the second correction is concerning Captain Walker, who was Captain of the Coast Guard Station in Eastham. After his accident, I can't remember whether he went to the hospital or not.

And the third thing is, that in regard to degrees and teaching, where I made some comments, I only meant, with people who get additional degrees don't always improve in their method of teaching.

Now I'd like to go on and talk a little more about George

Moore. George was the cook at Mr. Luce's house in Eastham, where we went each summer for twenty-three years. He was an excellent book.

He had gone to sea at the age of nine as a cabin boy, and from there on he learned his cooking, and when he came back to be on land, among other things he took up the job of cooking at Mr. Luce's house.

And I must tell you one story concerning that, and I'm very much surprised to think that George did not know what macaroni was. And was the custom, he came into the living room every night after supper and sat down and with my mother and father planned the meals for the next day.

The menu the next day was to include macaroni, and so after lunch George went home, but when he came back at suppertime to cook the supper, my mother discovered that he'd put the macaroni to soak before cooking it, and consequently, he had nothing but flour paste.

I don't remember whether I told you about Ormand Howes or not. Ormand Howes lived across what is now Route 6. After having gone to Orleans by motorboat with my brother Sam, at which time we were in the neighborhood of twelve years old, the motor would not start, and Sam rowed the boat all the way back from the far end of the Town Cove to Mr. Luce's house on the river in Eastham.

And the next day, my father had Ormand Howes come down to see why the boat wouldn't run. He turned a key control on the ignition

less than a quarter of a turn, gave the fly wheel one flip and off it went. And I learned a very good lesson from him, because he told me that if an engine wouldn't start, fix it.

In Mr. Luce's house, over the mantelpiece, which was over a very large fireplace, a fireplace that would take four-foot sticks, there was the most complete collection of arrowheads and hammerheads and devices for sharpening stones that I have ever seen. And what happened to it after Mr. Luce got through with the house, I never knew, excepting that I do know that they were all taken off of the mantelpiece and disposed of somewhere.

Of course, in this house there was no such thing as electricity. We used kerosene lamps, and I can see them now on the top shelf in the kitchen. And every morning, when George Moore would come in and breakfast was over, he would collect the lamps throughout the house, trim the wicks, wash the chimneys, fill them with kerosene, and put them back on the shelf for the following evening.

Of course, there was no plumbing in the house at all, excepting for a pump in the kitchen sink and an outhouse, which wasn't out at all, it was built into the back part of the house.

This building was built originally as a hunting lodge, and the hunting for shore birds as well as ducks was very good.

Mr. Luce also had a house down on the sandspit south of the Coast Guard Station, which was known as the Beach House, in which they had bunks built in, and they would go there in the wintertime for shore birds, and as they had to go down onto the beach either

by boat or by horse, they usually went the night before, so as to be there bright and early in the morning.

Among those who went was, I believe, a relation of former Governor Sargent of Massachusetts.

And directly behind the Beach House, which faced west across the Salt Marsh, was a very high hummock of sand, otherwise known as a sand dune, on top of which was a cage, and in it was a goose who had been trained. And when the observer saw a flock of geese coming up or down the coast, as the case might have been, he would pull the line, open the door on the coop, and the goose would fly out, fly into the flock and bring it down right in front of the hunters' blind.

This was the original goose hummock, and from this goose hummock, Goose Hummock Shop, as we know it today, was named.

Q: Which is owned by Governor Sargent?

HCB: It is owned by Governor Sargent now, yes. I think it was his wife's family that were connected with the Luce's. They used to come down here. But I'm not sure of that.

Q: Could I interrupt for just a minute? I don't think you mentioned what Mr. Luce did, and his first name, and so forth.

HCB: Yes. Way back in the beginning, I think that I did. His name was Matthew Luce, and he and his father before him were in the wool firm of Luce & Manning in Boston. And that's how we got

to know them, because he, Mr. Luce, came to Webster to sell my father wool for the Slater Mills.

One day, when I was sitting on the top of the bank-- and it must have been sixty years, if not seventy years, ago-- I counted myself, and I remember it very vividly, forty-two sailing ships at one time off the East Coast of Cape Cod. A sight which we will never see again.

Q: Was the Canal open at that time?

HCB: No, it wasn't.

Q: That's why there were so many?

HCB: Well, they couldn't go through the Canal anyway, those sailing ships. You can't go through the Canal unless you have power. When the Canal was first built, it was private industry. Well, it was nothing but a ditch through the Cape. They incorporated into it a portion of the Pocasset River and tied it in with this ditch that they built, and somewhere I have a postal card that shows a steam shovel-- and really a steam shovel, not one of these new-fangled gasoline diesel things-- digging out the Canal, before they let the water into it.

Now, did I tell you the story of Harvey Moore wrestling with people from Provincetown? Do you remember?

Q: Yes, you did.

HCB: All right. Well, Harvey Moore was the local Constable and

a builder, and he built the house which is now my-- I said my brother Sam's house, it's my niece, Frances Howes lives there now.

And when Harvey built the house, which was then right down on the beach, it was the habit in those days to call-- especially a girl, the daughter of the person for whom Harvey was doing the work, or anybody else was, for that matter-- Miss. And so Harvey always referred to my sister as Miss Lucy.

When he built the house down on the beach, he found on the beach a stone shaped like a heart. That is, the heart that you see on the Valentine. And he incorporated it right in the mantel-piece, which was of brick, and that heart is there today. Even after they moved the house from the beach up onto the high ground, they didn't even take the chimney out of the house. They moved it up, again with a horse and a windlass, up the steep grade from where the bump is in the road now, at the entrance to the Coast Guard, where the roads fork, and set it on a foundation which had been previously built up above.

I had an experience in that house which I've never had before and I hope I never have to have it again. When they were moving that house up the hill, instead of moving it level, as they probably would today, they brought it up on timbers and rollers at quite a steep slant. And you go into a house like that and walk around and you become seasick, because everything is out of plumb.

Q: The chimney held up out of that treatment?

HCB: The chimney held up out of that treatment. The only thing was that somewhere along the way, it cracked right up at the roof line, so when they set it on the foundation-- and they already had a stone foundation put in to take the chimney when the house was moved onto the foundation-- and let it down, they found that crack in the top, and so they pulled the chimney down from above the roof to just below the roofline and built it up again. The whole fireplace and all went right along with it.

As I said earlier, when we went to the beach, more often than not we'd go by boat. And I shall never forget my father and my mother and my sister Lucy and myself left a little late to come back, and as you are well aware, time and tide wait for no man. And as the tide went out, my father and mother were getting each a little exasperated with the other. Father was sailing and my mother had to get out and push the boat off the sand flats, because Lucy and I were too young.

And the family was concerned about us and were down at the river, in front of Mr. Luce's house, with a lantern to try to help us. And I can hear it now, Lying in the bottom of that boat, we'd go along-- oh, it was beautiful. Just a little ripple of the water against the side of the boat, and then whoosh, we'd go up onto another sand bar.

We finally got home about half past nine at night.

Back in those days also, if we didn't go over by boat or there wasn't room for all of us by boat, we would walk over. And we

would walk down in front of Mr. Luce's house to the river and walk across. However, later on, when they had a golf course, when the shore had a golf course there, there was a boat with a line on it that you could pull back and forth across the river to get across. And we would walk to the beach.

And I can again remember very vividly that we would get all chewed up with brambles, because we were walking with just sneakers and of course no stockings or anything on.

But the water was such, at Eastham on the ocean side, with its content of iodine, that it was no time at all but what those scratches and bleedings would heal up and be all fine again.

Q: I'm trying to figure out where you walked. Now, you went out of the back into the marsh. The house faced the marsh, did it?

HCB: Yes, but right in front of the marsh, between the marsh and the Salt Pond, is the river, so-called. And the boathouse was right down on the river. We'd go down there and we'd walk right by the house on the Nauset Marsh. And then there was nothing from there to the Coast Guard Station.

Then, just before you get to the Coast Guard Station, you may remember there's an old cranberry bog there, which I think it's a shame that the Park doesn't keep it up. For interest, if nothing else.

There was a dyke between that and the Salt Marsh and we used to walk across that dyke, and all bushes.

Q: That dyke, I understand, was built by sportsmen for some reason. That's what I was told.

HCB: Well, that could be, but subsequently anyway, it was used as the dyke to hold the fresh water back into the cranberry bog and to keep the salt water from coming in. And there was a sluice gate in it.

You asked me the other day about the Old Colony Railroad. The only thing I can say about that is that when it came through, at night particularly, when we were down at the station waiting for it, when it left Orleans, we could hear it rumbling and hear the whistle blow for the crossings and what not.

Then, if it came into Eastham and ran over the crossing of Samoset Road, to take on water from the water tower which used to be there, that was a great event. And of course it shook the horse-drawn traffic off in the meantime, because it would stop right on the highway. Other than that, it would stop in front of the station and wouldn't block the traffic.

I believe I told you about the milk that we had come down from Boston and the Clark brothers, one of whom was the postmaster.

Q: Just where was the station? Was it on the north or south side of Samoset?

HCB: On the south side. Right there where-- you know where Nickerson Drive goes in now and the high tension line is? Well, the building which was the post-office and all was between there

and the railroad track, and the station was on the other side of the railroad track. And if you look there, if you drive down that way some time, you can look north and south and you'll see where the railroad used to go through.

And the pond to the north of Samoset Road-- there were two ponds. There used to be one until the railroad went through and they filled it in, so they made two ponds out of it.

And I can remember very vividly, when we were younger we always used ice in the summertime which was harvested right here on the Cape. Today, the temperatures are such that it would be very difficult to harvest ice on Cape Cod today.

Q: Did you have a municipal ice house?

HCB: Oh, no. Everybody had his own. And then he'd sell you the ice in the summertime. You'd either go and get it or you'd-- I don't ever remember their delivering it.

Q: Did you ever play in an ice house when you were a boy?

HCB: No. You see, they were only about half full when we were here, because it had to last through until the cold weather came again.

SECOND CASSETTE BEGINS:

HCB: In the ice houses that we had at home, in the old days they were full of ground cork. Subsequently, that was so expensive that they used sawdust. And down here I'm sure they used what

they called marsh hay, which is a very fine hay. That is, the fiber is very fine and it makes a very good insulator.

The Coast Guard Station, as you probably are well aware, originally was known as the U.S.L.S.S., or the United States Life-Saving Service. And Captain Walker was active in that, as well as in the Coast Guard, for many many years.

And I have heard in days gone by that the Park denied, first of all, that there ever was any such thing as the Three Sisters, so-called, which were the three lights of Nauset Light. We have pictures of those, so we know that they were there. And when those began to go over the bank because of erosion, they built a new one with a single light on it.

The original ones had constant lights. That is, there were three lights, and they were called the Three Sisters, and when they put up the new one, it flashes three times and then is off for the same period of time. And it might be of interest to note that when they rebuilt the light a few years ago-- I say a few years, probably fifteen or twenty-- and put the thing back together again, they got the rotation in the opposite direction.

Q: On purpose?

HCB: I don't know. We never knew. And it still today is flashing what I call the wrong way, but to younger people it doesn't make any difference.

Q: Were these Three Sisters manned? These were not automatic lights?

HCB: Oh, heavens, no. They were kerosene lamps. Oh, yes, they had to have a man to trim them and fill them with oil and wash the chimneys and all. But they were constant lights. I mean, they didn't flash.

Q: Did you know any of those people?

HCB: No. No, I didn't. Whether they took care of them from the Coast Guard Station or not, I don't know. They could have. It's only a mile or two up there.

Another thing that Captain Walker did for us a great many years ago was at the time when the Marconi Station was taken down in Wellfleet-- I don't know as you remember or not, but that consisted of a series of wooden towers, and in those days they had telephones that ran the whole length of the beach, from Chatham right up to Provincetown.

And Captain Walker got word over that telephone that they were going to cut those towers down, and we happened to be at the Coast Guard Station at that time and so he came out and told us about it. And this must have been, oh, I'd guess in 1912 possibly. We jumped into the car and went up to Wellfleet and got there just in time to see these towers, which were being cut down with an axe, fall to the ground. It was quite a sight.

Q: Those were Marconi's towers?

HCB: Yes. For the Transatlantic Marconi Station. Those were the original towers. And after they cut those down, they had built

the one in Chatham to replace it.

I also remember the cable which came in. Probably Belle Brackett has told you about that. It came in through Nauset Harbor and landed way down in the harbor near the ocean, and then ran underground most of the way up to the Cable Station in the center of Orleans. She could tell you many stories about that.

Rock Harbor Creek, which is now known as Rock Harbor, was nothing but a creek in the old days. Literally. And is you wanted to bring a boat up in there, you had quite a job. But as time went on, the natives would put sticks in-- when I say sticks, they were trees, like what we have on the channel now-- and tie their boats up to it. It's quite different from the way it is now.

And, of course, the tide flats out in the Bay are the same as they were then. In other words, when the tide goes out, there just isn't any water, and it's very amusing to have people come down and say, well, I think I'll go out in my boat. They have it on a trailer and they look out and they see the water in the Bay, and then they put the boat in the harbor and go around outside, and in about five minutes they're back again because they've run aground.

I spoke to you before of the National Seashore Park. Of course, in the very beginning my brother Sam and Eddie Milliken made a survey and they found that the Park had appropriated not even enough money to buy the properties in the Town of Eastham alone, but of course there have been other appropriations since

then and things have gone on.

O: Was there, do you know, any community of South Eastham ever?
I know they had a school there once.

HCB: Not as such. In fact, I never heard of South Eastham until a few years ago, and now they've got two or three streets down there. One of them is South Eastham Street, another one is South Eastham or something like that. There was no division in those days. Well, there was still a North Eastham, but there was no center there. There wasn't any center in Eastham anyway. Which brings up a story I'll tell you in a minute.

Mr. Kennedy, when he was all for the National Seashore Park, was saying in public that we ought to have it, which I agree with, even though it did take property away from people who owned it for years and used it for years. But if somebody tried to take Squaw Island away from him over in Harwichport, well, I think he'd think a little differently about it.

You spoke before of Ocean View Drive. That is the street which runs from the Coast Guard Station up to the light. And that, of course, was non-existent, excepting on paper. Many, many years ago, back around 1870, the Eastham Land Company divided all that land into house lots, and believe it or not, they were forty by a hundred and forty feet. Forty by a hundred feet. And the forty feet was the frontage on the highway.

They were owned by such people as a Mr. Chapin, who has got land titles all mixed up all up and down the Cape, especially in

Eastham and Orleans and Wellfleet. And the New York Times. The German Press Society of the City of New York. I presume that the New York Times owned them because they got paid with a few lots of land for their advertising, the New York Times. But they never sold, and the reason they didn't sell is the reason we almost stopped coming down here, was because of the time it took in those days to get here. From Webster it was bad enough, but from New York, of course, it was a lot worse.

Q: Those lots were on Ocean View Drive, did you say?

HCB: Both sides.

Q: And what has happened to them? I mean, the Seashore has taken them?

HCB: The Park stole them from me. This was Section IV that I had of the Eastham Land Company. As I told you earlier, I shouldn't say stole them from me, because there was a legitimate contract, a buy-and-sell agreement. But I was given no alternative. Either I negotiate with them or they take it by eminent domain.

Q: Yes, you mentioned that before. Did this happen to everybody?

HCB: Well, a great many people. Of course, they told us-- and again, as I said earlier, the Park wanted everything in writing as far as I was concerned. But as far as they were concerned, they'd give you nothing in writing. It happened to a great many

people. They told me-- again, they didn't put it in writing-- that the reason they wanted my house and the land was because they wanted to make everything between the Coast Guard Station and the Light back into the shape that it was originally, or as near as possible.

Well, my nephew had to move his house. Dr. Fish had to move his. My sister had to move her's. Miss Bacon moved her's. But for some unknown reason, they left mine there. After saying that was the only reason they were taking it. Because they wanted to put it back. And, of course, as you know, my house was the location of the starting of Watergate. It all started from my house, and they have the telephone records to prove it.

Q: Come on, tell us. Really?

HCB: That's true. Of course, I had nothing to do with it. The Park owned the house then.

Magruder and those people used to come down here, and they would pay two dollars and a half-- I think that was the correct rate-- for the house for a night, whether there was one or ten people in it.

And after they took it away from me, they fixed it all up, refurnished it, put in an icebox, a new icebox and new stove, did over the floors, fitted it out with blankets and sheets and china and silverware and all the rest of it, so that these politicians from Washington could come down here and enjoy themselves at two

dollars and a half a night.

Q: I'll be darned. That's quite a story.

Q: I try to picture where this house is again.

Q: We asked you once more, and it may be on the tape, but we're still up in the air.

HCB: You know where the bump is again at the foot of the hill as you turn to go up to the Coast Guard Station?

Q: Yes. You mean that little bump in the road?

HCB: Yes. Well, right there to the left Ocean View Drive begins. The first house on the right, right at the top of the hill.

Q: On the right? Between the ocean and Ocean View Drive.

HCB: Yes. And all these other houses that I speak of that were moved were between that road, only going toward the Coast Guard Station. Except my nephew's, George Bartlett, his house was up above mine, on a knoll higher than mine.

Q: Now, there are still houses up toward Nauset Light?

HCB: Yes. They didn't take those. Don't ask me why. I guess because they ran out of money. I would have fought it in court excepting for my age, as I stood you earlier, I think. I wanted to have a place to come to, and if I let them take it by eminent

domain, then I would have no property and I would have no money, until I accepted what they had offered, which wasn't fair, in my mind.

It was always an occasion, and we did it once a year, to go to Provincetown. And in those days they had these great open buses, that were so big that when they wanted to pass each other on Bradford Street or the other one down near the water, they would have to go up on the sidewalk on each side to pass and then come back into the street again. And those buses ran primarily out to Highland, the old Highland House out there, and if you say it the other way for the Light, it's Highland Light. There was no other means of transportation.

And then, of course, we'd always watch the Dorothy Bradford come in, which was the boat which came from Boston to Provincetown, the excursion boat. A lot like the boats that go over to the islands. You know, they bring the crowds in, they stay two or three hours, and then they go back again.

One of the most interesting industries, as far as I'm concerned, in either North Truro or Provincetown-- I never knew exactly which town it was in-- was a man who shipped sand out. He had a gasoline shovel in there and he put in a railroad siding and he'd fill up anywhere from two to six gondola cars, coal cars, every day, and when the freight train left Provincetown, would hook onto those and take them out to Chatham, New York. And that sand was used in industry. Whether it was used for glass or not, I don't know.

And it was fantastic, because in the fall he'd shut down completely, and when he came back in the spring, the winds had filled his pit all up again with sand. So he had an ever, or continuous, supply coming in, and he'd just wait a few months in the wintertime and start all over again.

I want to talk a minute about the Worthingtons. Now, if you've gone back through any of the history of Truro at all, you'll find John Worthington was a Selectman up there at one time, not too long ago.

The Worthingtons all went to Kent School with two of my brothers. That is, the boys did. There were four boys in that family and a girl and there were four boys in my family and a girl, and in each instance the girl's name was Lucy. So we've been very friendly with them.

Mr. Worthington was Clerk of the County-- and I've forgotten which County it is-- in Dedham for a great many years. John, his second son, never went to college, but he flew for the Merrimack Chemical Company. In those days, they made airplanes and covered them with canvas, and then they would put a dope on them which would shrink the canvas to make it tight on the fuselage.

And subsequently, he worked in Webster in the mill there and lived with us at my mother's house.

Then, some time along in there, he went into Mexico and Texas, into the oil fields, and he learned a good deal about erecting towers and what not. And even today, off of North Truro in the

Bay are the remains of what they call the hopper, which was a devise that he made up and everybody laughed at him, because there was no way of getting fresh fish to the land on the inside of Cape Cod when the tide was out.

So he built this tower offshore, ran a cable from there back to the Pondville Fishing Company, which building I think is still there, it may not be. And these boats could come in then at any time and they would load their fish into-- well, it was a hopper which you may have seen in your youth, used in large dairy farms for collecting the manure and running it out of the barn. And they would run it up by winch up to the height of the tower, dump it into another hopper, and then that hopper would run it into the fish house, where the fish would be cleaned and frozen when it was still fresh.

And a lot of the fish that they used, which was a trash fish whiting? before, was white, and these large trailer trucks would come East from Michigan, bringing butter and eggs and dairy products, cheeses and what not, to Boston, and then they would come down here and load up with fish, frozen whiting, and take them back to the Midwest and they would be sold to the restaurant people to be used in fish burgers, instead of hamburgers. And he established quite a business there.

Q: This was fairly recently, wasn't it?

HCB: Well, thirty years.

Q: That looks pretty recent to me.

(LAUGHTER)

What happened to the hopper?

HCB: Well, time and tide and ice and what not damaged it very badly. It's still there. That is, what's left of it. But the ice has smashed it up pretty well, and the concern went out of business some years ago.

Q: So it's not in use?

HCB: Oh, no. There's a very sad tale on that. I can't remember whether it was still in use or not, but some clown came down here from upcountry and flew his plane underneath the cables. And he did it two or three times and that was fine and he thought it was great, and everybody watched him with their hearts in their mouths. And the last time he went through, his wing struck the cable and that was it for them, for him and his passenger. They were both killed.

Q: Where is this hopper? Is it north or south-- I mean, is it the left or right side of MacMillan Wharf?

HCB: Oh, way south of that. Oh, yes. It's in Truro. North Truro, I presume.

I must tell you also that John himself had two boats, if not more, but two that I know of. One was about fifty feet and the other was about sixty. And we used to go out with him once in a while, when they went out to take the fish out of the traps.

We went into a trap one day, and as you know, you go into the trap and then they drop the gate behind you, so the fish can't get out. Fish are stupid, you know. They run a feeder out to the gate, and then there's the big weir with this opening, and the fish will go in there, and if a fish is caught-- when I say caught, finds himself confined-- he will never go back, he always goes toward deeper water. Instinct tells him where the deeper water is. And so they never come out of the weir again.

Well, we went in one day and dropped the gate behind us. I was only a kid. I say we, I was just along as a passenger. And the eyes of those crew members on that boat, of which there were four, I think, opened up as if they had seen a miracle. And I didn't know what they were looking at, but they spotted this tuna-fish in the weir. And they knew very well that if they scared him or excited him that one flip of his tail and he'd go right through the weir and take him and all the mackerel and the rest of them with him.

So they cornered him, very slowly and very carefully, and finally they got a gaff into him and they got his nose out of the water. And if you get a tuna's nose out of the water, he is almost helpless. Not quite, but almost.

And I can see them now. On the side of this boat were seats that ran the whole length of the boat, with the engine housing aft, and that tuna went down the side of that boat with these two fellows hanging onto this gaff, and they hit that engine house so

I would have thought it would have broken every bone in their bodies. But they could see two or three hundred dollars apiece for them in that fish.

Well, anyway, finally they subdued him, and he was so big we couldn't get him into the boat. So they tied a line around his tale and we towed him into Provincetown. And they hooked him onto the donkey engine there that pulled him up into the fish house, and he was so heavy that the steam donkey engine couldn't pull him up, so we all had to go up above and pull on the cable, along with the donkey engine, and pulled him up.

Before we left, that fish was completely dressed, packed in ice, and in a truck ready to go to New York. It would be in New York tomorrow morning. Fresh fish.

Q: How much did he weigh?

HCB: Six hundred pounds.

Q: That was quite a fish.

HCB: Yes. I must tell you a story about Eastham being known in odd places. When my older daughter was first married, she lived in Sea Cliff, New York, out on Long Island. This was just after World War II. And she was talking with her neighbors one day, she and her husband, and the question came up, well, where are you going for the summertime? Oh, Linda said, we're going to a place that you never heard of, down on Cape Cod. They said, well, what's

the name of it? She said, Eastham. Well, he said, I know Eastham very well. She said, for heaven's sakes, how do you know Eastham? Well, he said, I fly Trans-Atlantic all the time, and when we come back from overseas, the only street light in the Town of Eastham is in front of the Town Hall and that's the first light we see on the American continent. Which I thought was interesting.

My father used to fish on the back shore. Cast for stripers. And he cast for nearly twenty years and he never caught a fish. And finally one day he got one, and he reeled it in and he got it up on the beach, and he took the hook out and reeled up the excess line and walked over to my brother Sam and handed him the fishpole, and he said, there, I've caught my fish, now you can have the rod.

Q: After twenty years. Well, I must say he never got discouraged.

HCB: No. Gosh, no. No.

There's another story which I think is interesting. I know this incident happened, but whether or not the story is completely true, I don't know. I understand that it is.

There was a lathe schooner-- wooden lathes, you know, they used to put on the walls to put the plaster onto. They come in bundles about four feet long, and they sell them by the cord.

Well, this lathe schooner was coming down from Maine and going to New York, loaded with lathes, and it ran aground out there. Of course, it broke up and the lathes all floated ashore, all tied up in nice bundles.

Well, of course, news like that travels fast and all the natives went down there and got them up and piled them up in cords on the shore.

Well, word got up to Boston, and if I may call them so, the city slickers came down and said, ah, here's a chance to buy these things from those fellows on the Cape that don't know too much, and we'll make a killing. Well, this fellow came down by train and got a horse to take him over to the beach. Went down on the beach and, oh boy, there were cords of lathes.

And the city slicker, as I like to call him, came down and he saw this native leaning on a pile of lathes. Got talking with him, and finally he said to him, "Say, brother, how much would you take for them lathes?" The fellow said, "I'd take a hundred dollars." Well, a hundred dollars in those days was a lot of money.

He said, "All right." So the city slicker reached into his pocket and took out a hundred dollars and paid him. And the Cape Codder started walking down the beach.

The next thing he knew he heard a terrible racket behind him. People shouting at each other, terrible. And as he turned around, he saw the fellow that had just bought the lathes waving for him to come back again. And he said, "What do you mean by selling me these lathes?" He said, "I didn't sell you those lathes."

"Yes, you did too."

"No," said the Cape Codder, "you asked me what I'd take for them lathes, and I said I'd take a hundred dollars. So I took

the hundred dollars," he said, "but I walked away again."

So they're not so dumb.

(LAUGHTER)

Just a sidelight for a moment. I drink a lot of cranberry juice. I tried to buy some over in Wareham, in the days when the headquarters of Ocean Spray was right there on Route 6. I could buy it in Webster, delivered in my cellar, for less money than I could buy it at the warehouse in Wareham. And, incidentally, in the warehouse at Wareham, I had to put it on a truck and roll it out and put it into the back of my car, a couple of cases.

And when I asked them how come, they said, oh well, we have a fixed price and we don't want to undersell any of our agents.

And after I had a heart attack, the doctor said, you'd better have a banana or an orange or something every day, and I said, well, I can't drink orange juice, it bothers me. And I said, well, how about Ocean Spray cranberry juice? And he said, I don't know.

So I wrote to the Ocean Spray people to find out whether or not cranberry juice had any potassium in it, which is what one needs for energy, because the diuretic you take takes the potassium out of your system. And I got a very nice letter from a girl up there, who was the-- I don't know what you'd call her, a dietitian or a scientist or something-- and she gave me the formula of the contents, which I sent over to Dr.

, and he said, no, it won't do you any good to drink it because there's no potassium in it. That is, it won't do you any good for the potassium part of it.

I spoke before of Ed Horton, who ran a party boat. He was a carpenter, as most of these party boat people are. They carpenter in the winter time and they fish in the summer. And he had The Owl, which was an old Crosby Cat, and Ed Horton wouldn't buy a new engine and put it in his boat. He'd go to the junk yard in the fall and he'd pick up an engine out of a car, a Chevrolet engine usually, when the car had been smashed up, and he'd rebuild it in the winter time, and come spring he'd put it in his boat and he'd run it for three or four years. And when it began to give him any trouble, he'd go buy another one for fifty or twenty-five dollars and fix it up.

During the WPA, whatever they called it-- Works Progress Administration, was that it?

Q: It started Works Projects and then they changed it to Works Progress.

HCB: Well, anyway, they came down here and they went into the river, to take all the stones out of the river, so we could get in and out with our motorboats without taking a propeller off. They took a few stones out, not many.

Well, I think that gives you about everything I've got. For the moment, anyway.

Q: Well, Craigin, I think it's just wonderful. We enjoyed those stories an awful lot.

HCB: Just one more. I don't know why I skipped that. A plaice

Fish. I don't know whether you ever saw a plaice fish or not.

Q: Flounder.

HCB: Yes, they're more like a halibut. We were fishing at the inlet one day, and I was out on the engine hatch at the back of the boat. And there were no fish, and my feet were out like this, and I tied the line around my big toe, and a fish struck it. Not my toe, but the line. And I came so near to losing my big toe that it wasn't funny.

When I got the fish in the water, it was one of the largest plaice fish that has ever been caught here, and he weighed over sixteen pounds. Oh, he was a beauty.

Concerning the inlet, I have seen the inlet shift from coming down past-- just where it goes into the ocean-- and swing south. Now it comes down and it goes way up north before it goes out. In fact, I think it enters into the ocean now in Eastham. Of course, it never did before. It was always in Orleans.

Q: So we got the inlet back?

HCB: We got the inlet back. There was one time, you know, when there were two inlets. One of the winter storms, it broke through halfway up to the Coast Guard Station. Now-- well, of course, you can't go down any more, but before the Park came in, we used to go down there by car. And you had to be very careful, because it looked just like all the rest of the beach, but when you went over

that inlet, there were very apt to be potholes underneath it, and your car would just go right out of sight.

Q: Do you know anything about the house that stands out on the edge of the marsh? Right behind the dunes? It's the only house out there now. I think it was moved out there just recently.

HCB: Well, it was moved out there because it was washed away, and they brought it back. I've forgotten who owns that house. Macomber or somebody.

Q: I was wondering why they would move it back when they know it's going to be washed away again.

HCB: Probably they're my age and they say they want to enjoy the back shore as long as they can.

Q: Now why didn't the Seashore take that house in the beginning?

HCB: I don't know.

Q: It seems hit or miss.

HCB: Very erratic with their takings, and very adamant. If they get word from Philadelphia-- I think it's Philadelphia-- to take property--

Q: That's it?

HCB: That's it. You know, they kick themselves all over the lot

for not having taken the schoolhouse. And one of the bigwigs came up from Washington or Philadelphia one time and said, look, you've taken the three corners, why didn't you take the fourth one? But Sam and Captain Sparrow and the others, Bernie Collins and what not, were scared to death that they were going to, and that's why they all chipped in and bought the schoolhouse.

Q: What would the Park have done with the schoolhouse? Made it into a tourist site?

HCB: I don't know what they would have done with it, but what did they do with the rest of it? Just to preserve it, I guess, and get control of the whole of that corner, you see. But they missed that one.

Q: That's good.

Well, thank you very much, Craig. We enjoyed this immensely.

HCB: I hope it gives you something.

Q: Oh, it does. It's one of the best interviews we've had. It's just great.

ADDITION TO INTERVIEW:

Q: Here we go again.

HCB: My nephew, George Bartlett, who has the house in there,

which he moved from over back of where my house was-- the VIP house, as it's called now. Not his, but mine. His entrance should be on Nauset Road. Not Nauset Road, Doane Road. That's Doane Road there. But because of his proximity to Tomahawk Trail, and when they moved the house in, they moved it into the Tomahawk Trail and they broke through the trees and what not, he uses that driveway. And so he's trespassing on Park property every time he comes out onto the highway to come out on the road.

And I was very much interested, when they moved it in there, oh, the Park put up an awful holler about the trees that they would have to cut down. Well, they cut down maybe half a dozen trees three or four inches in diameter, scrub pine, on the edge of the road, when they turned in and then turned to go the other way. They made an awful fuss about it.

Q: There seems to be an awful lot of moving of houses around here. Instead of building new ones, people move other houses.

HCB: It's cheaper.

Q: Is that the reason?

HCB: Oh, yes. They always moved them in the old days. Oh, yes.

Q: It seems that people who try to find the history of their house often run into a blind alley, because the houses were not there. They came from some place else.

Q: That's where they're supposed to be. This beach house that I

spoke of, that Mr. Luce had down on the back shore, when the Park came in, they went down there and tore that down. And I said to my brother Sam, gosh, if they're going to tear that down, there's one thing I'd like on that. He said, what? I said, that's the sign that's on the front of it, which they put up when the house was built, and if I remember the sign correctly, it said, "Beach House 1901", which was the year I was born.

So Sam went down there-- this was while I was still working-- and he talked with them, and they said, sure, if you want that, we'll give it to you. So he took it down and brought it home and repainted it in the same red that it was painted in originally, with the black letters, and put it up over a barn that I built up back of his house. And it's still there, which might interest you.

We went over to get a building permit to build this barn that I speak of. I wanted it for storage and other things, and I built a three-bay garage with a loft in it. And we went over to see the townspeople, the building inspector, and when he got through he kind of shook his head, and I said, what's the matter? Well, he said, I can't quite understand what you're going to do, because your brother Asa wants to build a part of a building that you are building on land that belongs to your brother Sam.

I said, well, don't worry about it. You give us a permit and we'll build a building. We'll take care of that. And that belongs to my niece now,

. I sold Sam that a

while ago.

And they told me at the time, oh, I mustn't put any living accommodations in this barn. They thought maybe I was going to put an apartment upstairs. Maybe I would, I don't know.

Maybe this shouldn't be on tape. You can take it off later if you want to. But I find that in many instances, go ahead and do it and then get the permit afterwards. But that's not the proper spirit.

But when I put my windmill up-- you've probably seen my windmill at Rock Harbor-- when I put my windmill up, I contend, having looked at the building code and what not, that a windmill is not a structure on a pole. And there was a pole in the ground at the location where I have it anyway, a forty-foot pole, and I took it out and put a sixty-foot pole in. So, in my opinion, I needed nothing for that. And the windmill, which they raised up and put on the top of it-- well, anyway, after the windmill had been in a year and a half, there was an article in The Cape Codder or something about it, and Mr. Alexander read it. And he called me up and he said, I read that article of yours in the paper. I said, well, it wasn't mine, just a reporter came over and talked with me.

Well, he said, I've searched my records and I can't find any building permit for the windmill or for your new stove or for the wood stove that you said you've got in your house. And I said, that's right. Well, he said, you've got to have a permit. And I said, well, what for?

Well, anyway, I went over to see him and he got a little ornery.

He's one of these fellows that he opens the book and says, well, this is what it says in the book. He doesn't use his head for what it's meant for.

And I said, well, Mr. Alexander, I still disagree with you completely. My windmill is not a structure. If I'd put up a fabricated tower, that would have been a different story. But I didn't, I put up a pole.

I said, as far as the wood stove is concerned, that's been there for years. In fact, ever since we built the house. The only thing is, I've replaced it with an airtight stove instead of a Franklin. And out in the kitchen I put a coal stove in. I had a wood stove there and I'm just replacing a wood stove with a coal stove.

Oh, well, he said, then I guess you don't need it.

So then I put solar panels on the roof, and my agreement with the plumber that put it in was that any permits that had to be obtained, he was to get them. So finally-- he had quite a tussle with Mr. Alexander, and it came down to the fact that he combined the windmill, the solar panels and the two stoves all in one building permit. Charged him ten dollars for the permit.

You know, that's the part that gripes me. Most of these things are just to raise additional money. That's all they're for.

Q: How does the windmill work?

HCB: It works very well. Oh, yes.

Q: Have you got a reversing meter in it?

HCB: I have now, but for a year I didn't have. I was pushing back the power. The first year I had it, yes, I was pushing back the power onto their line and the meter was going backwards, which was fine. Then they came in and put in what they call a Meter, or a meter with a ratchet on it, so that the power will still go back on the line, but the meter won't turn back.

Then they came in a year later, just a few weeks ago, and took that meter off and put on a regular meter. They told me they were going to come down and put two meters on, one to register what I bought from them and one what I put back on the line, but they only put a single one on.

And then there was a girl at the door the other day, while I was out, and she told Margaret that they were going to come down and put a second meter on. I tried to tell them, I don't want a second meter on. I don't want any money from you folks. All I want is to store this stuff on your line until I need it and then take it back again.

Oh, we can't do that, that's discrimination, you see, because if we're buying the power from you at one price and we're buying from New England Power at another price, that's discrimination. Oh, we can't do that, you know. Hogwash.

Q: Chet Dugdale, do you know him? He's behind the Vista View Market. He's got a reversing meter on.

HCB: Well, that's all right. What he's got, I think-- I haven't

talked with him and I'd like to some time. I think he's got a direct current machine. Then he's got to go through a converter to convert to alternating current. Otherwise, you can't use it in your house. Well, you could for heating or for appliances, such as a coffee maker or a toaster, but you can't use it for motors that are AC motors.

But mine is AC, and that's one of the things I like about it. I don't have anything excepting a small control box in the house, and I plug it right into an outlet in the house.

And it always pleases me so, when I go out to read the meter, which I do every morning, to see that meter turning backwards. That gives me great delight.

Q: Do you think it was a good investment?

HCB: Yes, as an investment. I won't live long enough to get my money back that I put into it, but I'm getting a good return. The manufacturer has been excellent with me. My guarantee was only for a year and I've had it for over two years now. No, just about two years. And everything that's gone wrong with it, they have fixed free of charge.

Q: What's the name of the-- ?

HCB: Enotek is the name of the people that make it. Up in Norwich, Vermont.

Q: Well, I would think down here wind power makes sense.

HCB: If you will look at a map of the United States, which I had occasion to see a while ago, of the wind velocities throughout the United States, Cape Cod is one of the best that there is. And I am exposed to the southwest. Nothing between me and Dennis, right across the Bay. And, boy, that thing pumps out the electricity at times. It really does.

END OF INTERVIEW